

Sunbeams.

A drop of the crater—Lava.

A spicy fellow—Mr. Pepper.

The tout ensemble—The dinner horn.

As the pen is bent the paper is ink lined.

A good name for a bill collector—Dunham.

Perfected immaterial—A ghost—Boston Score.

Regularly—Army rations—Civ. Ser. Night.

Drink for twins—Half-an'-half—Pudding Sust.

Don't chew gum, girls. Have some gum about you.

When is a soldier like a flower? When he has ten drabs.

The want of the age—To be young again—Civ. Ser. Night.

In point of real value, the lion overrules all domestic fowl.

Would it be proper to call a popular rail-road conductor a car pet?

A lover is like a rag-beat when he goes out with a box—Sister Sust.

Mr. Bust has been arrested in Chicago.

Not in iron, however, no new thing.

When a young man wants to protect a young lady he naturally puts his armor round her.

A man loses a good deal of fun by being punctual. Punctuality is a thief of good time.

People living near mountains streams know how freshet is when it comes for a week.

When a half-headed man buys a duster, mother would be most appropriate—Wid. and Widow.

When an archibishop sits down to dinner, he is before his grace, and he says grace before his meat.

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"She was a dater," but she put her little French-heeled shoe on a banana peel, and in a flash was transformed into a lady's upper, and then arose blushing like a peony.—Sugarland Daily.

The people of Killee, sixteen miles from Logansport, Ind., are excited over the discovery of a peacock woman. Her husband had probably brought her a new dress without her asking fifty times for it.—Peek's Sun.

"What's this?" What's this explanation the Leprechaun came to an armpit by. [The concluding chapters of the thrilling and absorbingly interesting story of "The Scout and the Indian" will be found in our waste basket.]—Hucknall Republic.

A Baltimore boy, nine years old, purchased an old army musket that had laid in the garret unused for eight years, placed a cap on it and fired, blowing the head off a youthful plume. He expressed the customary astonishment.—Peek's Sun.

In one younger days we passed a good deal of time in the shade of a tree he is not seen again. It is cooled until he hits it with a stone. He would rather have a rock at it than to have five dollars. In a few seconds he would rather five dollars that he hadn't heaved the rock.

"I don't want to brag," observed a young artist, "but I cherish a humble conviction that I possess all the excellencies of Raphael and Michael Angelo without any of their defects." "But," says one of the auditors, "in that case you are superior to them both." "Thanks, old feller," says the artist, pressing his hand warmly.

They were approaching an ice cream shop and she said: "Oh, Charley, I'm going to have my new dress cut—bias—on. S-p-p-p—there's an ice cream saloon, Go-dy!" "Yes, and it is like your new dress for it will be cut by us." The horrid wretch led the passing damsels across the street.—Whitfield Times.

"Paul," exclaimed the fair daughter of a California banana king, addressing one of her suitors, "I'm in love with you, and I thought you were on me, and I thought there'd be no harm in telling you." "Please," he said, nervously fidgeting a few nickels in his waistcoat pocket and striving to hide the evidences of the profound interest which the communication excited. "Please, do you care to have me?" "No, I'm afraid, monachally, I don't suppose you'd care so much, so I engaged myself to Mr. Slacker last night." It was a ten stroke, and he flapped, but she was a cool girl, and summoning a servant, led him to the sufferer on the back stoop until he felt better.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The medical students of that city to play a match game, he played with the regulation base ball, made of chaffed steel and covered with a rawhide, and those who are familiar with the game know what the challenge means—it means base ball to the death, and nothing less. The students, however, have grown more courageous and have become less inclined to the advice to "stay on the farm," or learn a trade. In Wansan only a short time since, one student killed another as there was not business enough for two, and now the doctors are in the majority. The students, who are about to enter the profession, in a game of base ball, it looks cold blooded, but self-preservation is the first law of nature.—Peek's Sun.

A DEAD HORSE.

In France, when a horse has reached the age of twenty, as they are it is designed for a chemical factory; it is first relieved of its hair, which serves to stuff cushions and saddles; then it is skinned; the hoofs serve to make combs. Next: the carcass is placed in a cylinder and cooked by steam, at a pressure of three atmospheres; a cock is opened which allows the grease to run off; then the remains are cut up, the leg bones are sold to make knife handles, etc.

and the coarser of the ribs, the head, etc., are converted into animal black and glue. The first are calcined in cylinders, and the vapors when condensed form the chief source of carbonate of ammonia, which constitutes the base of nearly all ammonical salts. Thereby an animal oil yielded which makes a capital insecticide and a vermin-fuge. To make glue, the bones are dissolved in muriatic acid, which takes away the phosphates of lime, the soft residue, retaining the shape of the bone, dissolved in boiling water, cast into squares, and dried on nets. The phosphate of lime, acted upon by sulphuric acid and calcined with carbon, produces phosphorous for leather tanning. The flesh is distilled to obtain the carbonate of ammonia; the resulting mass is pounded up with peat, then mixed with old hair and old iron, of every description; the whole is calcined and yields magnificent yellow crystals, prussiate of potash, with which tissues are dyed a Prussian blue and iron transformed into steel; it also forms the basis of cyanide of potassium and prussic acid, the two most toxic poisons known in chemistry.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

A boy on Jones street was the other evening eating away at a big combant that had been cracked open with a brickbat, when a petrified man felt it duty to holt and so make:

"Boy, don't you know that too much of that stuff may give you the colic?" "I guess so," was the reply.

"Then why do you eat it?"

"Well, if my chum, who lives next door, can stand the small-pox for six weeks, I guess I can put up with the colic for three or four hours," was the reply, as he bit off another big hunk.—Detroit Free Press.

HOW HE LOST HIS THUMB.

A most singular accident occurred in Liege railway station lately. As the Brussels train was about to start, a porter hurriedly closed the door of one of the carriages, when a piece of glass was seen to fall to the ground. It was found to contain a man's thumb. A passenger was searching his baggage in the net with one hand, while the other was so sure that the thumb was entirely cut off by the act of shutting the door. The sufferer, after receiving singular attention in the station master's office, was able to continue his journey by the following train.

I have been told about one great feast for which 19 gigantic puddings were prepared, the largest being respectively 19 and 21 feet in circumference. Verily our familiar Scotch haggis must bow to those fine joints, and confess himself to be no longer the "great chief of the pudding race."—At Home in Fiji—Gordon Cumming.

A great ship must have deep water.

WHAT THEY LEAD TO.

Holiday troubles and travel troubles, unless checked in time by Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," will end in conception, the concluding chapters of the thrilling and absorbingly interesting story of "The Scout and the Indian" will be found in our waste basket.]—Hucknall Republic.

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